

# Tattersall's Club Magazine

*The*  
OFFICIAL ORGAN  
OF  
TATTERSALL'S CLUB  
SYDNEY.

Vol. 11 No. 1 1st March, 1938.





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TATTERSALL'S CLUB  
SYDNEY

Established 1858

# TATTERSALL'S CLUB MAGAZINE

*The Official Organ of Tattersall's Club*  
157 Elizabeth Street  
Sydney

Vol 11

MARCH 1.

No. 1

Chairman:  
W. W. HILL



Treasurer:  
S. E. CHATTERTON



Committee:  
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G. CHIENE  
J. HICKEY  
G. MARLOW  
J. H. O'DEA  
J. A. ROLES  
W. J. SMITH  
F. G. UNDERWOOD



Secretary:  
T. T. MANNING

TATTERSALL'S CLUB was established on the 14th May, 1858, and is the leading sporting and social Club in Australia.

The Club House is up-to-date and replete with every modern convenience for the comfort of members, while the Dining Room is famous for quality food and reasonable prices.

On the third floor is the only elevated Swimming Pool in Australia, which, from the point of view of utility and appearance, compares favourably with any indoor Pool in any Club in the World.

The Club conducts four days' racing each year at Randwick Racecourse, and its long association with the Turf may be judged from the fact that Tattersall's Club Cup was first run at Randwick on New Year's Day, 1868.

The Club's next Race Meeting will be held at Randwick on Saturday, 7th May, 1938.



# The Club Man's Diary

March birthdays: Messrs. Roy Hendy, 4th; Frank Carberry, 5th; Ernest Moore, 15th; Barney Woolfe, 17th, Paddy Nolan, 17th; J. A. Roles, 26th; Richard Wootton, 31st.

*Gentlemen, your health,  
And many years of life  
Still sweet and satisfying. . . .  
More than the gift of wealth,  
Free from the strain and strife,  
Be yours as time is flying.*

\* \* \*

When you go to pay your income tax you push a bundle of notes under a grille to a grim-looking gentleman who touches certain keys on a cash register—a sort of mystic rite—and hands you back in return—what? Nothing but a piece of paper acknowledging the fact that you came along of your own free will and accord without being caught (otherwise spelt “court”).

Contrast that with the payment you will make on March 1, or as soon after as practicable—your annual subscription to Tattersall's Club. The comeback is social contact with sportsmen, together with comfort, convenience, service. Work out what all this costs you a week on the basis of your subscription, and you'll be surprised and gratified.

When you're on a good thing, stick to it!

\* \* \*

When the only boy in our home married recently, I felt secretly sad as the day approached for the natural reason that it represented in a way a dispossession, a break from familiar routine, a rowdy note silenced, a vacant bedroom.

All that sort of sentimentalising stacked against the rational fact that it meant for him, as for me, splendid happiness and was in every sense worth while.

Now, I hear that my friend of many years, Mr. J. H. O'Dea, “lost a son and gained a daughter.” He knows that I voice the sincere wishes of very many friends in expressing the fond hope that he will share in the happiness that has come to his son, Cecil, whom we all heartily congratulate.

The bride was Miss Joy Roche, fourth daughter of Mr. T. D. Roche, and the late Mrs. Roche, of Merloo Station, Gunning. The marriage was solemnised in the chapel at St.

late Sir Colin Stephen, and a member of this club, is en route to England.

\* \* \*

Mr. J. H. Buxton has been elected an honorary life member of the club, and we wish him many years of life to enjoy that privilege. Mr. Buxton became a member in 1910, and served on the committee for four years. Friendly and loyal, he has many well-wishers.

\* \* \*

Great was the excitement round a domino table recently when two of the keenest players in the club were engaged in a game of 100 up. When the scores stood—A, 92; B, 16—B shut A, adding 93 to A's tally.

B's sporting comment was “That's dominoes!”

\* \* \*

Acknowledgments to the privileges of honorary membership conferred on officers of the French warships, Jeanne D'Arc and Regault de Genouilly, and the American warship Louisville, have been received.

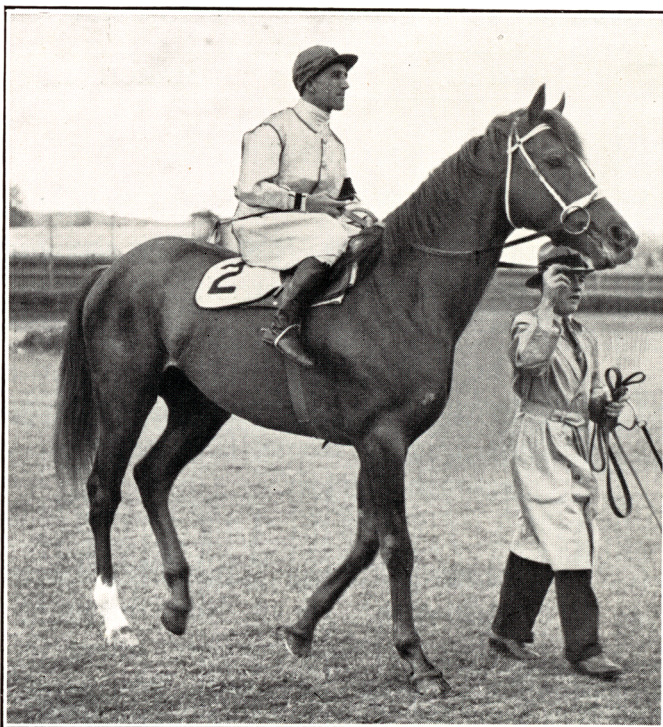
There's a history attached to the Louisville acknowledgments from Lieutenant G. L. Menocal, Navy Ship's Secretary, on behalf of the captain and officers. Forwarding Lieutenant Menocal's letter, the

Consul-General for America wrote that it had been first delivered at the Consulate-General.

The original intention was that the letter should go direct to Tattersall's Club, but it had been handed to a passenger aboard the launch Rodney by the mail orderly of the Louisville, and was ultimately recovered from the Harbour.

\* \* \*

While acknowledging the big betting on the Futurity-Newmarket, I still maintain that Lady Godiva



AJAX.

Ignatius College (Riverview), on January 29, and the reception was held at Elizabeth Bay House.

To the members of the syndicate which owns Ajax:

*Thompson, "Constable" and Bail-leau,*

*Whatever else in life may fail you,*

*This simple truth you may endorse:  
Always trust an honest horse.*

\* \* \*

Mr. Alastair Stephen, son of the



was the greatest plunger. She put everything she had on a horse.

\* \* \*

Among new members: Mr. Isador Goodman, pianist, conductor, composer; Mr. V. H. Peate, and Mr. G. A. Utz.

The name of Utz is something to conjure with in Tattersall's Club. He is a brother of Dr. Leslie Utz, Messrs. H. S. and P. R. Utz, all fellow members.

\* \* \*

Not so many years ago, a pretty flapper came into the office of a Sydney daily newspaper, obligingly at my request, because a man whose tennis judgment I respected, prophesied that she would one day represent Australia at Wimbledon. "Anyhow," he added, "she's a jolly nice girl, and you should have her picture."

So it was that Nellie Hall, daughter of our club member Charlie was ushered into the office studio, not allowed time by an unromantic photographer to arrange her hair, was snapped and bowed out.

When Mrs. Harry Hopman (nee Nellie Hall) was chosen recently to represent Australia, the incident was recalled. Success has not spoiled this dear girl.

\* \* \*

The soliloquy of a bewildered punter:—

*Of't have I wondered  
Why I discard my faithful bat,  
And go on picking this and that  
Out of the blue—  
Or heed the ravings of a bloke as  
knows  
The chance of ev'ry horse and when  
it goes.*

*Of't have I blundered  
When my old bat had beld for me  
Perchance the plea for the Futurity  
(Newmarket, too)*

\* \* \*

*Maybe, I'd better let it go at that—  
Still lucky to retain my faithful bat.*

\* \* \*

If you know a drunk story better than this one, send it along:

A drunk was staggering along the street with drops of blood rolling down his cheek from a cut on top of his head when he encountered an acquaintance.

"Blime, what happened to you?" inquired the acquaintance.

The drunk concentrated with difficulty, then answered: "I bit myself."

"But how could you bite yourself on top of your head?" persisted the other.

The drunk pondered for a moment, then replied triumphantly: "I stood on a chair."

\* \* \*

Memo. Mr. R. T. Kelly: Having seen—or, rather, sat out—two days of the cricket match, McCabe's XI. versus Rigg's XI., do you wish to revise your list of those who should have been included in the Australian XI.?

That apart, there is an acknowledgment due to Mr. Kelly. You have read of the decision by the N.S.W. Cricket Association to establish a cricketers' club in Sydney. The original suggestion was made by Mr. Kelly many years ago.

It is in the records of the old Paddington Cricket Club, back in the nineties, that "R. T." had the temerity to move that the chairman's ruling be dissented from. The chairman happened to be Colonel John Cash Nield, M.L.A. for the district, and a high authority on parliamentary procedure. True, Mr. Kelly's motion was only seconded pro forma, and it commanded the votes of only the mover and second—er—but it made history in those days when Monty Noble and other giants played for Paddington.

\* \* \*

The widely known and well respected Mr. J. P. Crennan has been appointed Australian representative for John Haig and Co., of Markinch, Scotland and London. He is also Australian representative of Tanqueray Gordon & Co., of London. Mr. Crennan is a prominent figure in Sydney financial circles.

\* \* \*

The Morrissey family has been for very many years among Australia's foremost graziers, and Mr. John Morrissey, M.L.C., was a public figure in Victoria for many years. His son, Patrick Joseph, we know as a fellow member of this club. His death recently at the age of 47 was greatly regretted. He was managing director of John Morrissey Ltd. and of the Yugalbar Pastoral Co. Ltd.

\* \* \*

Another death we have to record regretfully is that of Mr. Norman McDougall, a comparative newcomer to membership, but one whom we would have wished to be with us for many years.

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DAILY DELIVERIES EVERYWHERE.

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## The N.S.W. Fresh Food & Ice Co. Ltd.

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# Rural Members

*Mr. R. W. Coward*

Mr. R. W. Coward, of Carrowobitty, in the Forbes district, is one of three well-known brothers whose large property has an excellent frontage to the famous Lachlan River.

The property is of highest quality, and is famed for its wonderful lucerne crops.

"Carrowobitty" boasts a fine two-storey homestead of modern design.

The word "modern" is not at all misplaced, as every conceivable gadget has been affixed to make life easier. It is a case of "turn the handle and the figure works." The architects, builder and owner seem to have remembered everything!

A novel feature of the homestead is the high concrete wall, built right round the house to protect it from possible flooding of the adjoining river.

The family is well known and respected throughout the district, and the name is also well known in Queensland, where grazing properties are kept fully stocked.

In the commercial world, "R.W.C." is known throughout the Commonwealth, and world buyers of wool always scan his product with keen eye. Possessed of this

world's goods in fair measure, he has never lost true perspective toward his brother man. His outlook in all aspects of life is his main charm. A most lovable character.

*Mr. T. B. Garry.*

Mr. T. B. Garry, of "Gwandobah," Binalong, is one of the most popular pastoralists in his district.

The family possesses a fine wool growing property, and fat lambs abound.

The Garrys, of Binalong, are well and favourably known to all. The love of sport has permeated through the years, and "J.J." has represented the State in Rugby Union football. Not only represented, but quoted even to-day, when the best forwards of all time are being discussed. There is sportsmanship in every Garry bone. The Turf has ever held a prominent place with the Garrys, and on every course of the Riverina, and New South Wales, for that matter, the name rings with esteem.

"T.B." is of Irish stock, and Garry pere might well view with pride, were he able to-day, to see the handiwork of his sons, who have kept the old homestead in apple-pie order.

Golfers will notice a course set among the wheat fields. Novel and picturesque, and further evidence of a democratic outlook in life.

Experienced graziers will tell you that "Gwandobah" will not play second fiddle to any like property in the State. Maybe the contention is correct. In any case, it is so good that one can always go into rhapsodies whenever the station property is mentioned.

## VIEWPOINT

If nations had any sense, they would begin their wars by sending their oldest men into the trenches. They would not risk the lives of their young men except in the last extremity. In 1914, it was a dreadful thing to see regiments of lads singing "Tipperary" on their way to the slaughterhouse. But the spectacle of regiments of octogenarians hobbling to the front, waving their walking sticks and piping up to the tune of "We'll never come back no more, we'll never come back no more"—wouldn't you cheer that enthusiastically? I should. —Radio broadcast by George Bernard Shaw.



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With the Vulcan rod parts any handy man can make this high-grade, medium weight blackfish rod at a reasonable price. Everything needed is supplied. The Vulcan is a rod of fine split cane, with comfortable grip and rubber butt. Call or write for free instruction sheet and list of parts.

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$\frac{1}{3}$  French Vermouth  
 $\frac{1}{3}$  Italian Vermouth  
 $\frac{1}{3}$  Dry Gin

Shake well and strain into Cocktail Glass.

Noilly Prat French Vermouth Imported  
Martini Rossi Italian Imported  
Finsbury London Dry Gin Imported

● Obtainable at Bottle and Grocery  
Department, 1st Floor.



# I Saw A Man Electrocuted

Condensed from "The Commentator"—Charles Francis Potter, New York Clergyman

I propose to set down, unexpurgated, a true description of an electrocution.

A newspaper editor asked me to witness the death of Two-Gun Crowley and write a "human interest" story. The execution was set for 11 p.m., but we had to be at the prison at nine. About 50 men, mostly reporters, were on hand as witnesses. While we waited those interminable two hours, the old-timers provided plenty of "atmosphere" with their gruesome stories or other executions, and their arguments about the respective merits of "the rope," "the hot seat," poison and lethal gas.

A reporter asked me to step with some others into an unused cell-block near by, where everyone produced whisky. I protested that I didn't drink.

"But you'll have to or you can't stand it," one of them said. "Every reporter at one of these shows gets liquored up so that he doesn't feel the thing so much. I'm warning you, you've got your choice between drinking or vomiting."

I said I wanted to keep my wits about me so that I wouldn't miss anything.

"Well," he said, "suit yourself, but you don't know what you're up against. It's the smell that gets you."

The other reporters turned on him; "Shut up, will you?" and took another drink.

A guard appeared and ordered us to fall in line. At the electrocution of Ruth Snyder a reporter with a tiny camera had taken a picture of her in the death chair. This must not occur again, so we were thoroughly searched.

When you come to think of it, why not have cameras? Why not have moving pictures and sound films? If these executions are supposed to have a deterrent effect on other criminals, why not exhibit all over the country a vivid record of the entire proceeding? If it is all right for the public to read a printed

account, why is it wrong for the public to be given the story by a more accurate medium? Ah, that's the trouble! The photographs would be too vividly accurate. Written accounts can be toned down.

We lined up for the procession to the death chamber. A reporter, white-faced and trembling, whispered, "I can't go through with it; I was so sick the last time. Tell me all the details when you come out, will you?" I nodded.

I shall never forget that bare execution chamber of Sing Sing prison. At first I thought that the only thing in the place was The Chair. It simply shouted at you. Facing it, in rows, were perhaps 50 chairs, but their ordinary aspect only accentuated the importance of The Chair, with its stout, business-like strength and the sinister straps dangling from it.

No silence you have ever experienced can be compared with those supercharged seconds after the "official witnesses" were seated and before we heard the slow steps of the condemned man walking with his escorts along the short corridor to his death. The inevitability of the thing distressed me to the point of anguish. Death itself was stalking, slow and sure.

Francis Crowley paced into the room, accompanied by a priest and uniformed guards, and almost sauntered toward The Chair. With nonchalant defiance he ignored it. I have seen many persons at critical moments of their lives, but I have never seen such self-possession. He even waved his hand toward a guard and said, "Hi, Sarge."

Deliberately, without assistance, he sat down. The efficient attendants jumped to cinch the straps and adjust the absurd headgear. Crowley said steadily, "Thank the warden for all his kindness, and give my last love to my mother."

Then this condemned criminal, on the very brink of eternity, halted his own execution by saying, "This strap" (pointing to the right leg)

"isn't quite tight enough. You'd better fix it."

There was a moment of embarrassment. He had upset the schedule, and I had a feeling that he was enjoying a certain satisfaction while they examined the strap—which was all right anyway, as the boy well knew. Disturbed by his trick, they quickly gave the signal for the unseen switch-thrower to send him from this world.

As the bound body, permeated to every cell with the electric force, jumped against the creaking straps like a mad beast straining to be free, every one of us bent backward in our seats, away from the lethal leap. Again and again, as the current was sent through the boy's body, that body jumped at us, and each time we cringed. We couldn't help it. We had been told that he would feel no pain, that the current would kill him instantly, and we wanted to believe it. But it *looked* as if he were suffering intensely, as if he were fighting against the powerful current with every ounce of his strength. The illusion, if illusion it was, was heightened by what seemed to be profuse perspiration flooding from his body.

Then the horrible truth burst upon me, and I knew why reporters hated to witness 'this monstrous thing, rightly called "burning in the chair." *I was actually watching the broiling alive of a human being!* The Chair was just a form of electric stove! The bodily juices of this boy were actually stewing out of him, soaking the simple garments allowed him for his last role!

The final ignominy of the occasion—and the most difficult thing to endure—was the odour. All through that chamber and far outside, as we learned afterwards, that obscene stench penetrated.

Francis Crowley was pronounced dead. Less than five minutes had elapsed since we had first entered this house of death, but it seemed

(Continued on Page 20.)



WOOLFE'S MEAT MOVES



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TO RANGE



THROUGH BOTH STORES

ENJOY FRESH SAUSAGES

**HENRY WOOLFE**

*Two Famous Meat Stores*

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Brickfield Hill.

nearly opposite General Post Office.



# When Every Clerk Uses the Right Word

Condensed from "Literary Digest"

(Robert Littell.)

A Soda Jerker asks if you'll have an egg in your malted milk. Almost automatically you answer "No." But a man trained by Elmer Wheeler, the originator of "Tested Selling Sentences," holds up an egg in each hand and asks whether you'd like one egg or two. Almost automatically, you answer "One," and the cash register rings up an extra nickel. Hundreds of such profitable answers, suggested to the patrons of filling stations, hotels, department and chain stores, have made Elmer Wheeler conspicuous in the annals of applied psychology.

"Don't ask *if*," says Wheeler. "Ask *which*." Don't ever give a customer the choice between something and nothing; don't ask questions easily answered in the negative; frame them so as to lead to the answer you want. People who ordered Coca Cola at a Brooklyn soda fountain were being asked whether they wanted a large or a small one. Few ordered large ones. When Wheeler had finished his tests, the clerks merely said, "Large one?" and a large one it was, two out of every five times.

In 1927 Wheeler was on the advertising staff of the *Baltimore American*. A store owner complained that while ads. pulled crowds into his store, people didn't buy enough when they got there. Wheeler went behind the counters, listened, watched and soon realized that the clerks' words and actions were haphazard and mechanical. Why not teach them a specific way to sell each article?

Thus, 10 years ago, was born Elmer Wheeler's new profession of determining for clients what spoken words will best sell merchandise. Wheeler and his staff, when they set to work, do not immediately suggest ready-made slogans. For a long time they listen, test, keep

score, eliminate. Often the selling sentence finally chosen comes from one of the clerks.

Wheeler found that clerks were using 146 different sentences to interest men in Barbasol shaving cream. By trial and error he eliminated all but one sentence, for at a store where the clerks said, "How would you like to cut your shaving time in half?" sales of Barbasol had tripled.

A shoe store asked him to help dispose of a surplus of children's moccasins. Mothers were indifferent to sales talk about moccasins' stitching, wired beads or blunt toes, but when Wheeler taught the clerks to say, "The kind the *real* Indians wear, sonny, every fourth boy made his mother buy him a pair.

Thanks to Wheeler, filling station attendants who used to ask "Check your oil?" now say, "Is your oil at proper driving level?" "It gets them in the corners" quickly disposed of square fly swatters. "It won't rub off" increased sales of white shoe polish 300 per cent. "Have you ever used a *scientific* toothbrush?" sold out several months' supply in one week.

Wheeler's activities extend beyond store counters. He advises moving men to arrive with soap and towels and, before touching the furniture, ask where they can wash their hands. At his suggestion, laundries instruct their women solicitors, whether married or single, to introduce themselves as "Mrs." He advises vacuum-cleaner salesmen, once inside the door, to look for birds, dogs and children. If there's a canary, the salesman's "Tested Sentence" to the prospect is "Will it sing?" If there's a dog, he asks its name; if a child, the name and age. This helps explain how one salesman sold vacuum cleaners to 92 per cent. of the people who had

signs on their doors reading "No Canvassers or Beggars Allowed." Incidentally, Wheeler tells dog owners that the sign, "Beware of the dog" isn't nearly as effective as "Beware of the *hungry* dog."

For the Statler Hotels, Wheeler coached room clerks to quote prices from "6 dollars down" instead of from 3.50 dollars up." After many trials he discovered that the best thing for a bellboy to say, when showing a guest to his room, was "Have you been with us *recently*?" If he hadn't, the bellboy could show him the room's gadgets, and describe the hotel's unusual features.

Elmer Wheeler is asked constantly to expound his principles before groups of business men. He says that his files contain 105,000 sentences tested on 19,000,000 customers. But he doesn't claim exclusive possession of magic words. He points to gifted amateurs—the railway station porter, who instead of a stale "Carry your bag?" asked "Which train are you catching?" Or the blind man who increased his May income by wearing the sign "It's Spring, and I am blind."

On one occasion Elmer Wheeler's technique kept a man from jumping off a narrow ledge 18 storeys above the street. Various people rushed to the roof and pleaded with him, but he still threatened to jump. Then one of Wheeler's associates was called to the scene. She tested sentences on him. "Shall I get you a cup of coffee?" didn't work. Neither did the suggestion of a glass of wine. Finally, she cried: "You look *silly* on that ledge! Get down before your wife sees you making a *fool* of yourself!" The would-be suicide got down, touched at that most vulnerable point—his vanity.



# Heroic, Great Racehorse Phenomenal Sire

By A. Knight (Musket)

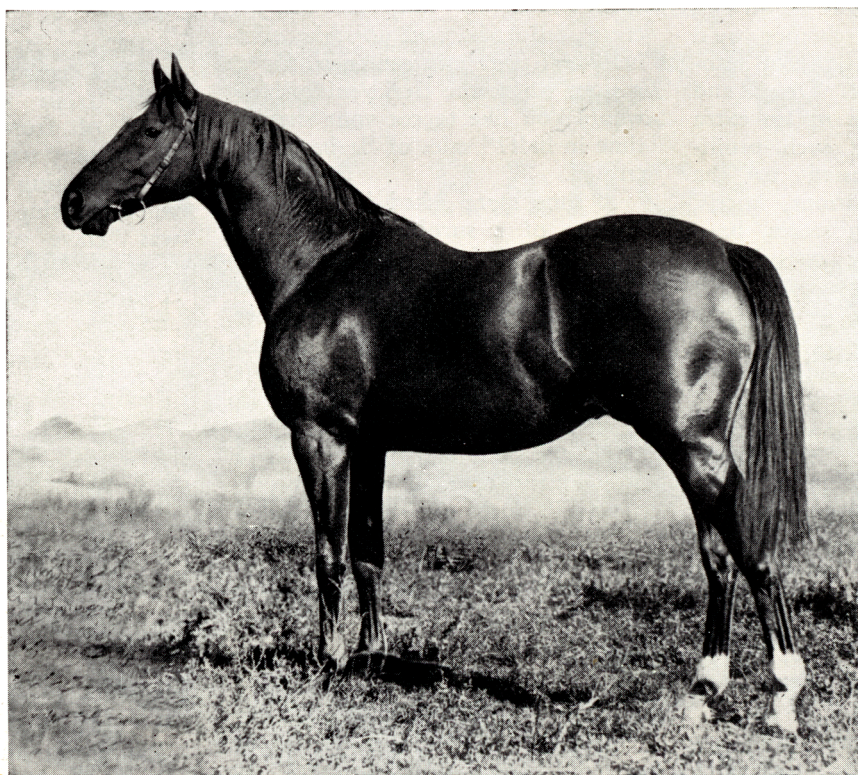
At Wm. Inglis and Son's yearling sales in 1923, a chestnut colt by Valais (imp.) from Chersonese was one of the grandest specimens of the thoroughbred to enter the ringside. Not over-large, he was as symmetrical and handsome as an oil-painting, and bidding for him was so keen that it was not until 1800 guineas had been reached that he fell to the bid of the Victorian trainer, C. T. Godby, which was the top price of the draft from the Arrowfield Stud, where this colt was foaled. Taken to Melbourne, he raced as the property of Mr. J. R. Corteen, and won numerous races for that owner at two years.

At three years he came to Sydney to compete in the A.J.C. Derby, and all those who saw that classic regard it as one of the most memorable in its history. Half-way up the straight Heroic and Nigger Minstrel were disputing the lead with Spearfelt a length and a half behind them. The lastnamed drew almost level, and over the last 100 yards a titanic struggle was witnessed, Heroic gaining the verdict by a head from Nigger Minstrel, who was a similar margin in advance of Spearfelt. It was a most exciting race, but the general opinion was that Hughie Cairns, rider of the winner, would have been victorious on any of the three.

*Unable to Start in Victoria Derby and Melbourne Cup*

Unfortunately for the record of this colt, his owner was disqualified in Melbourne over the running of another horse named Purser, which he raced in partnership with a Mr. Tye. Purser had run in a race dur-

he had been sold to an Indian buyer just prior to the race; but the stable intended to start him in preference to Purser. The day before the Cup was run, however, a cable came from the Indian buyer to the effect that The Monk was not to start in the Caulfield Cup, so the stable had to scratch him and start Purser instead. At least, that was the story given to the press to explain the volte face regarding the Purser incident. The Press took the matter up in vehement fashion, and the result was that Purser and all his connections were disqualified for 12 months; and this meant all the races Heroic was entered for, including the Victoria Derby, Melbourne Cup, and V.R.C. and A.J.C. Legers, were automatically forfeited.



*Heroic.*

ing the week, and had been beaten, but came out on Saturday and won the Caulfield Cup. At the calling of the card at Victorian Tattersall's Club on the eve of the Caulfield Cup, his name was omitted from the list of the starters, as the newspapers had been informed that Purser was not to take his place in the field. Yet, on the Saturday, Commissioners in Sydney were at work backing him at starting price, despite the announcement that Purser would be withdrawn. It appears the stable had another runner in the race named The Monk, and

Some time later it was reported that Heroic had been sold to a Sydney publican named Mr. Martin Wenke, but the V.R.C. refused to recognise the bona fides of the sale, and Heroic still remained under the ban. Later on another sale took place, and this time he became the property of the popular Victorian sportsman, Mr. C. B. Kellow, at 16,000 guineas. This seemed a big sum to pay for a horse just on the verge of four years, as there are very few stallions who race after they have turned six. But this was probably the greatest bargain Mr. Kellow ever purchased, as in the



following Autumn, Heroic won the Newmarket Handicap for his new owner, who had coupled him with Pilliewinkie for the double of Newmarket and Australian Cup, and the double duly "arrived." With some of his winnings Mr. Kellow purchased a filly at the Victorian yearling sales and named her Herowinkie — a combination of the names of his double winners. In time he mated Herowinkie with Heroic, and she produced a colt which was named Hall Mark, whose record so far is head and shoulders over any other of that great horse's offspring. Among other races, Hall Mark won the A.J.C. and Victoria Derbies and the Melbourne Cup in one season, as well as dead-heating for the V.R.C. St. Leger. He also won an A.J.C. Champagne Stakes and a Doncaster Handicap.

When Heroic retired to the stud, he was leased by Mr. Herbert Thompson, Oakleigh Stud, Widden, and at once made a great name as a progenitor of high-class thoroughbreds. His first season's stock raced in 1930-31, when they won £7,550; and in the following season he advanced to sixth on the list with £14,935; and from 1933-37 has been at the head of the winning stallions, the total earnings of his sons and daughters to August last being £166,872. Mr. Kellow still retained an interest in his horse, having the right to send a certain number of mares to him; and as his colt Nuffield is the champion two-year-old of the present season, it will readily be seen what a lucky day it was for Mr. Kellow when he gave what seemed a large sum for Heroic.

In Victoria, the Heroics have won almost every race of importance with the exception of the Caulfield Cup; and they have also captured some of the rich plums at Randwick, including the Champagne Stakes, Derby and Doncaster Handicap with Hall Mark; the

Gimcrack Stakes with Leila Vale; and the Sires' Produce Stakes with Ajax. With the aid of the last-named, Hua and Nuffield, it is long odds that this great sire will head the list of winning stallions for the sixth successive time; and it is a matter for great regret that he became impotent at the age of 17 years. A rest from stud life may have the desired effect, but if it does not, then Australia has lost the services of a sire who should have gone on for another three or four years.

#### *His Present Three-Year-Olds.*

In Hua and Ajax, Heroic is rep-



NUFFIELD.

resented this year with two of the very best three-year-olds since Phar Lap graced the turf. The former is trained by James Scobie for Mr. E. E. D. Clarke, whose association with the veteran trainer has been of the happiest, as Scobie has won a great many races of the highest class for Mr. Clarke. As two-year-olds, Ajax was superior to Hua at the distances two-year-olds are allowed to run; but at three years Hua may be the superior. At the time of writing these lines, the pair have met nine times, Ajax finishing in front of Hua on seven occasions. Another veteran trainer in Frank Musgrave has the handling

of Ajax for the joint owners, Messrs. E. L. Ballieu, A. W. Thompson and "Mr. Constable." Before the present season closes racing men will have a fair idea of which of these two phenomenal colts is the better. But, as Ajax defeated Hua in the Futurity Stakes recently, the latter has some leeway to make up in order to draw level. Musgrave was reported recently to have said that he is not afraid of the result when Ajax and Hua meet. Scobie is also quietly confident. Prior to the run-

ning of the A.J.C. Derby, the first race of the present season for Hua, he remarked to a friend: "This colt will not only be a weight-for-age horse, but an exceptionally good one." Well, at their first meeting this season, which was in the Derby, Ajax finished ahead of Hua, the winner being Avenger, with Ajax second and Hua third, a length and half a head dividing the three. The race, however, was not a true test between the pair, as when Avenger was passing the other two he cannoned on to Ajax, who in turn interfered with Hua. Their next meeting was in the Caulfield Guineas, when Ajax won, with Avenger second and Hua third. Their third meeting this season was in the Victoria Derby, when Hua

won this time from Ajax, with Avenger third. Their fourth clash was in the Futurity Stakes, when Ajax was first and Hua second. So it will be seen that in Hua and Ajax, Heroic has two worthy representatives to keep his name green.

Then there is the two-year-old, Nuffield, owned by Mr. Kellow. This youngster is so far above the others of his age that next year he may be even better than either Hua or Ajax. But even if none of the three last mentioned ever win another race, Heroic has earned a niche on the scroll of equine fame as one of the greatest racehorses and sires this country has ever known.



# Success of Empire Games

Orgy of Record Breaking in all Sections . . . Australia Did Well

Opening with a dignified ceremonial such as we have never seen in Australia, and to the accompaniment throughout of wonderful athletic feats and the crash of records, the British Empire Games of 1938 provided Sydney people with a sporting feast such as many of us will never again behold.

Critics there were aplenty who seemed to go out of their way to brand the comparatively small percentage of errors inevitable in such a vast undertaking as far more important than the huge successes of the Organising Council, but we always have the pessimists with us who can see nothing good in the local product.

Despite the croaking of a small section, the Games were a success. Events, particularly at the Cricket Ground, were run off with super efficiency and the contestants in all sections provided the public with finishes and prowess that made the whole affair something at which to marvel.

We heard an old-time athlete state that the athletes were not as good as in his day, but times and performances are hard to pass over, and we are inclined to say that without much fear of contradiction, that this was the meeting of the most brilliant track and field games men ever seen in these parts.

And, what's more, Australia came out of it all with colours flying. True, we had a greater number of competitors than any other team, and, therefore, picked up many minor placings which we might otherwise not have gained. That is always the right of the team in whose country the Games are contested.

Based on the usual method of al-

lowing points, Australia gained 524 points to Canada's 319, England's 295, South Africa's 188, and New Zealand's 156.

Only in Boxing and Bowls was Australia headed on a points basis.

From beginning to end the Track and Field sports provided thrills twenty-two Empire Games and nineteen Australian records being broken.

It might be unfair to pick out the best athlete of the Games, but the performances of Decima Norman (Australia), Cecil Holmes (England), Tom Lavery (South Af-

taking the three and six miles events were classics of the track. The latter was only nine seconds outside the world's record for three miles, and was never really pressed to win the six miles in time that was 38 seconds outside the world's best.

Perhaps as great a run as any throughout the meeting was the mile win of Alford, of Wales, in 4 mins. 11.6 seconds. Probably none expected, in the absence of Wooderson, to see Lovelock's 4-12.8 Empire figures go, but Alford finished full of running to cut 1.2 seconds off them.

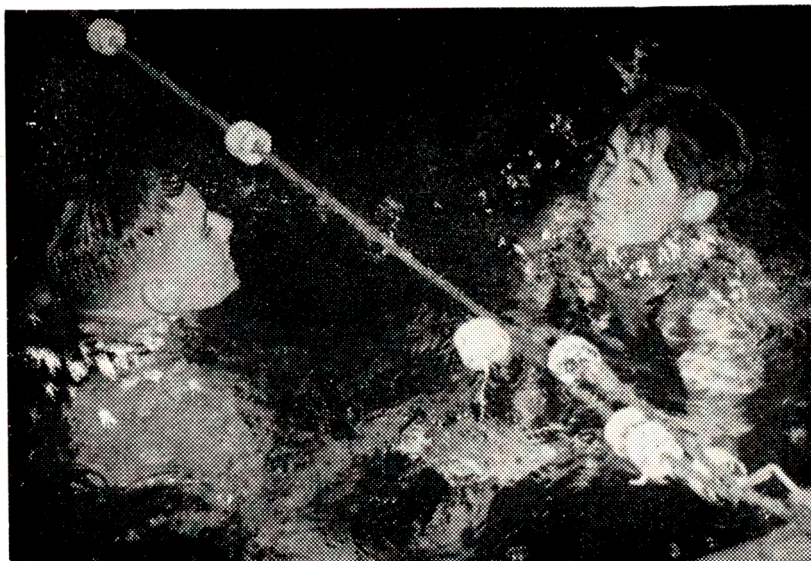
Nor can we forget to give Gerald Backhouse a pat on the back. This Victorian was expected to do better in the half-mile than the mile, but he was definitely outclassed, and was at the tail end of a classy field. In the 880, Boot, of N.Z., won in 1-51.2, beating Backhouse's Australian record by 3.8 seconds, and being only 1.4 seconds outside the world record.

But Backhouse made a magnificent

effort in the mile to run 4.12, beating Lovelock's previous Empire record, but so classy was Alford that our man was a few yards behind him.

In comment on Australia's chances in the swimming made last month, we gave as our opinion that our chances lay in the performances of Biddulph, Ryan, Oliver, Evelyn de Lacy and Dorothy Green, and our best chances of success appeared to be in the 440 and 1650 yards, 110 yards Backstroke, and 880 yards relay for men, and the diving for women.

The opinion was also expressed that Australia would do particularly well if its swimmers got half a



*Devlin (Canada) and Lievers (England.)*

rica), C. H. Matthews (N.Z.), V. P. Boot (N.Z.), and J. W. Alford (Wales) stamped them all as World's class athletes.

From an Australian point of view, we had most satisfaction in the performances of Miss Norman, who won the 100 and 220 yards and Broad Jump in near-world figures. In deed, right throughout the Games, our girls provided the highlights for Australia.

That our sprinters of both sexes were class was shown when four Australian men qualified for the 100 yards final and three of our girls.

The effortless running of Holmes in the sprints, and of Matthews in



dozen victories out of the seventeen events down for decision.

Our opinions met with some success, and some disappointments, for while Australia won seven events, and Misses Green and de Lacy and Percy Oliver won, and our girls won both diving events, Noel Ryan proved a big disappointment, and Biddulph was eclipsed by the English and Canadian swimmers.

There were no excuses to be made for Biddulph in the 440 yards, as he swam a magnificent race, and was in the fight right into the last lap, where Pirie went away, and was very narrowly beaten for second place by Lievers.

Eight Australian records were broken in the swimming, and both the Empire records which were available went.

As in the athletics, the Australian women were to the fore, Miss de Lacy winning the 110 yards from Miss Green, who took the 440 yards in record time, Miss Pat Norton doing the same in the 110 yards Back Stroke, and Miss Donnett and Hook taking the two diving events.

To keep up the prestige of the men, only Percy Oliver, 110 yards Backstroke, and Ron Masters, Springboard diving, could do the honours. Oliver's was probably the best performance of the meeting, for his 67.9 seconds put him close to world class.

Amongst the men, Bob Pirie, of Canada, took the Freestyle honours, by landing the 110 yards in 59.6 secs., easily an Australian record, the 440 yards in 4-54.6, 2.6 secs. outside Medica's Australian record, and placing second in the 1650 yards to Leivers.

The latter swam a great race in the 1650 to beat Borg's Australian record by 1.6 seconds, but he was nearly 40 seconds outside Borg's world record.

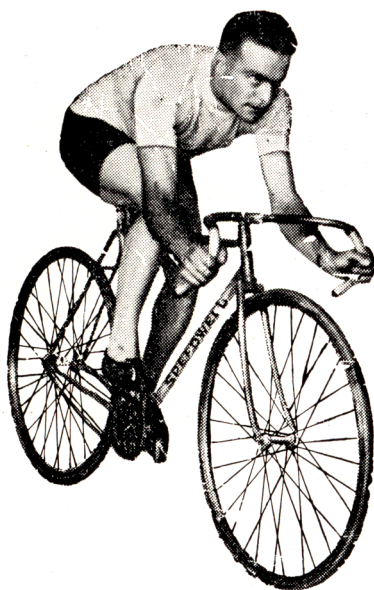
Taking it all in all, the swimming form was not nearly the equal of the athletic's form, and it certainly did deal a sad blow at Australian class amongst the men.

Outside Oliver's win and Biddulph's third, already referred to, Australia's only individual placing

was by Fleming, third, in the 110 yards. Certainly we swam third in both team's races, but that was possibly because there were only three starters.

So it's hats off to the girls, whose performances made the point score show Australia 136, England 105, Canada 101, South Africa 15.

Some experts referred to the boxing as being very mediocre, but be that as it may, the bouts were conducted well, and the boxers were all triers, battered one another to the limit, and, at the conclusion, showed a wonderful spirit of



E. L. ("Dunc.") Gray.

sportsmanship in both victory and defeat.

Australia had but one boxing victory, W. Smith, in the Welter division, and the only other finalist was C. Overall, who staged a remarkable recovery after a very bad thrashing in the first round by that classy Springbok, Wolmoraas, and must have been just shaded.

Best boxer we saw at the finals was Groves, of England, who possessed a rapier-like left, and, in addition, knew what his right was for. A popular victory was by A. W. Henricus, in the Feathers. This clever chap gave Ceylon its only victory during the whole of the Games.

The Wrestling was all Australia, which lost only one division, the Middle. Eddie Scarf and Jack Knight put up their usual good performances, both gaining falls in the finals, Knight's being a death-knock affair just when his opponent was making the going hard for him.

At Rowing, England beat Australia into second place in the star event, the Eights, but our boys won the Fours, and H. J. Turner (Australia) won the Sculls in fine style.

Dunc. Gray again won an Empire Cycling title, this time the 1000 metres sprint, from another Australian, R. Porter, who won the 1000 metres time trial from T. Johnson (Australia). In the 10 miles and 100 kilometres, Australia did not supply a place getter.

In the Bowls, J. Low was third in the Singles, and Australia was second in the Pairs and third in the Fours.

So it is with regret that we mark the close of the Empire Games of 1938, but with great anticipation we look forward to another similar meeting in Australia, and may it be before our beards grow too grey.



**KEEP FIT**  
Become a Regular  
Patron of the Pool  
and Gym.

PHYSICAL CULTURE CLASSES.  
5.15 to 5.45 p.m. daily.



# AMENDED DATES FOR RACING FIXTURES - 1938 -

## MARCH.

Kensington Racing Club ..... Wednesday, 2nd  
 Moorefield Racing Club ..... Saturday, 5th  
 Ascot Racing Club ..... Wednesday, 9th  
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) ..... Saturday, 12th  
 Rosebery Racing Club ..... Wednesday, 16th  
 Hawkesbury Racing Club ..... Saturday, 19th  
 Victoria Park Racing Club ..... Wednesday, 23rd  
 Rosehill Racing Club ..... Saturday, 26th  
 Kensington Racing Club ..... Wednesday, 30th

## APRIL.

Rosehill Racing Club ..... Saturday, 2nd  
 Ascot Racing Club ..... Wednesday, 6th  
 Australian Jockey Club ..... Saturday, 9th  
 Rosebery Racing Club ..... Wednesday, 13th  
 Australian Jockey Club ..... Saturday, 16th  
 Australian Jockey Club ..... Monday, 18th  
 Australian Jockey Club ..... Wednesday, 20th  
 Australian Jockey Club ..... Saturday, 23rd  
 Victoria Park Racing Club ..... Wednesday, 27th  
 City Tattersall's Club ..... Saturday, 30th

## MAY.

Hawkesbury Racing Club ..... Wednesday, 4th  
 Tattersall's Club ..... Saturday, 7th  
 Kensington Racing Club ..... Wednesday, 11th  
 Moorefield Racing Club ..... Saturday, 14th  
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) ..... Wednesday, 18th  
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) ..... Saturday, 21st  
 Rosehill Racing Club ..... Wednesday, 25th  
 Canterbury Park Racing Club ..... Saturday, 28th

## JUNE.

Ascot Racing Club ..... Wednesday, 1st  
 Australian Jockey Club ..... Saturday, 4th  
 Rosebery Racing Club ..... Wednesday, 8th  
 Australian Jockey Club ..... Saturday, 11th  
 Australian Jockey Club ..... Monday, 13th  
 Victoria Park Racing Club ..... Wednesday, 15th  
 Rosehill Racing Club ..... Saturday, 18th  
 Kensington Racing Club ..... Wednesday, 22nd  
 Canterbury Park Racing Club ..... Saturday, 25th  
 Ascot Racing Club ..... Wednesday, 29th

## JULY.

Ascot Racing Club ..... Saturday, 2nd  
 Rosebery Racing Club ..... Wednesday, 6th  
 Moorefield Racing Club ..... Saturday, 9th  
 Ascot Racing Club ..... Wednesday, 13th  
 Canterbury Park Racing Club ..... Saturday, 16th  
 Victoria Park Racing Club ..... Wednesday, 20th  
 Kensington Racing Club ..... Saturday, 23rd  
 Kensington Racing Club ..... Wednesday, 27th  
 Moorefield Racing Club ..... Saturday, 30th

## AUGUST.

A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Bank Holiday, Monday, 1st  
 Ascot Racing Club ..... Wednesday, 3rd  
 Rosehill Racing Club ..... Saturday, 6th  
 Rosebery Racing Club ..... Wednesday, 10th  
 Moorefield Racing Club ..... Saturday, 13th  
 Victoria Park Racing Club ..... Wednesday, 17th  
 Victoria Park Racing Club ..... Saturday, 20th  
 Kensington Racing Club ..... Wednesday, 24th  
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) ..... Saturday, 27th  
 Ascot Racing Club ..... Wednesday, 31st

## SEPTEMBER.

Canterbury Park Racing Club ..... Saturday, 3rd  
 Rosebery Racing Club ..... Wednesday, 7th  
 Tattersall's Club ..... Saturday, 10th  
 Victoria Park Racing Club ..... Wednesday, 14th  
 Rosehill Racing Club ..... Saturday, 17th  
 Kensington Racing Club ..... Wednesday, 21st  
 Hawkesbury Racing Club ..... Saturday, 24th  
 Ascot Racing Club ..... Wednesday, 28th

## OCTOBER.

Australian Jockey Club ..... Saturday, 1st  
 Aust. Jockey Club, 8-Hour Day ..... Monday, 3rd  
 Australian Jockey Club ..... Wednesday, 5th  
 Australian Jockey Club ..... Saturday, 8th  
 Rosebery Racing Club ..... Wednesday, 12th  
 City Tattersall's Club ..... Saturday, 15th  
 Victoria Park Racing Club ..... Wednesday, 19th  
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) ..... Saturday, 22nd  
 Kensington Racing Club ..... Wednesday, 26th  
 Moorefield Racing Club ..... Saturday, 29th

## NOVEMBER.

Ascot Racing Club ..... Wednesday, 2nd  
 Rosehill Racing Club ..... Saturday, 5th  
 Rosebery Racing Club ..... Wednesday, 9th  
 Canterbury Park Racing Club ..... Saturday, 12th  
 Victoria Park Racing Club ..... Wednesday, 16th  
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) ..... Saturday, 19th  
 Kensington Racing Club ..... Wednesday, 23rd  
 Rosehill Racing Club ..... Saturday, 26th  
 Hawkesbury Racing Club ..... Wednesday, 30th

## DECEMBER.

Canterbury Park Racing Club ..... Saturday, 3rd  
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) ..... Wednesday, 7th  
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) ..... Saturday, 10th  
 Rosebery Racing Club ..... Wednesday, 14th  
 Rosehill Racing Club ..... Saturday, 17th  
 Victoria Park Racing Club ..... Wednesday, 21st  
 Australian Jockey Club ..... Saturday, 24th  
 Aust. Jockey Club, Boxing Day ..... Monday, 26th  
 Kensington Racing Club ..... Tuesday, 27th  
 Tattersall's Club ..... Saturday, 31st



# Pool Splashes

The presence of so many of the Empire Games stars in the Pool during the past month has not had the effect of speeding up the Swimming Club sprinters so far, but there seems to be an air of mystery about some of them that bodes ill for Handicapper Gunton's figures in the near future.

Some of the boys were noted taking a good look at the form of Walter Spence and Bob Leivers for future reference, so we confidently look forward to an orgy of clock smashing one of these fine days.

Quite a number of the Empire Games champions tried out the Pool during their stay in Sydney, and voted it first rate, and a really fine place in which to relax.

But to return to the Club members, the most noteworthy happening since last issue was the appearance of Bob Nicholl in a handicap. Those who have followed championship racing will readily remember Bob, then a member of Manly Club, knocking at the door of Australian and N.S.W. sprint honours, and at times putting up sensational clockings.

It is good to see a swimmer of Bob's class joining up, and we look forward to his taking part in regular racing. His first go in the Club saw him tie with Vic. Richards from the same mark over 40 yards, and that's no mean feat, for Vic.

is a real crackerjack over the distance.

The January - February Point Score has not been concluded, as there are two finals yet to be contested. As all competitors were not notified of a change of date for the final of the 80 yards Brace Relay, heats of which were held on 27th January, the decider has yet to be swum. It may be here pointed out that it is a definite decision of the Club that all finals are to be swum on the Tuesday following the heats so as to prevent any misunderstanding. This final did not comply with that ruling, and some of the competitors were absent. It will now be held on the return from business trips of a couple of the contestants.

At time of writing, the final of the 120-yards Brace Relay of 17th February had still to be swum.

With points to be added for places in these two finals, the positions of the leaders in the Point Score are:—

I. Stanford, 19; G. Goldie, 18; D. Tarrant, 17; A. S. Block, 17; N. Barrell, 17; A. Pick, 13; V. Richards, 12½; W. S. Edwards, 12; W. Ford, 11; C. Godhard, 11; R. Dougall, 9; B. Levy, 8; R. H. Curtis, 8.

Tarrant, Barrell and Pick have chances of picking up points in the two finals, and Goldie, Block, Richards, Edwards, Godhard, Dougall,

and Curtis in one, so the first named two are well in the running for the trophy.

## Dewar Cup.

Further and further ahead goes George Goldie in the race for this valuable trophy. He is now 16½ points ahead, and going strong all the time. The other positions have altered greatly since last month, Barrell having moved up from sixth to second place, and Dexter and Murphy having dropped right down the list from third and fourth places.

The leaders are:—

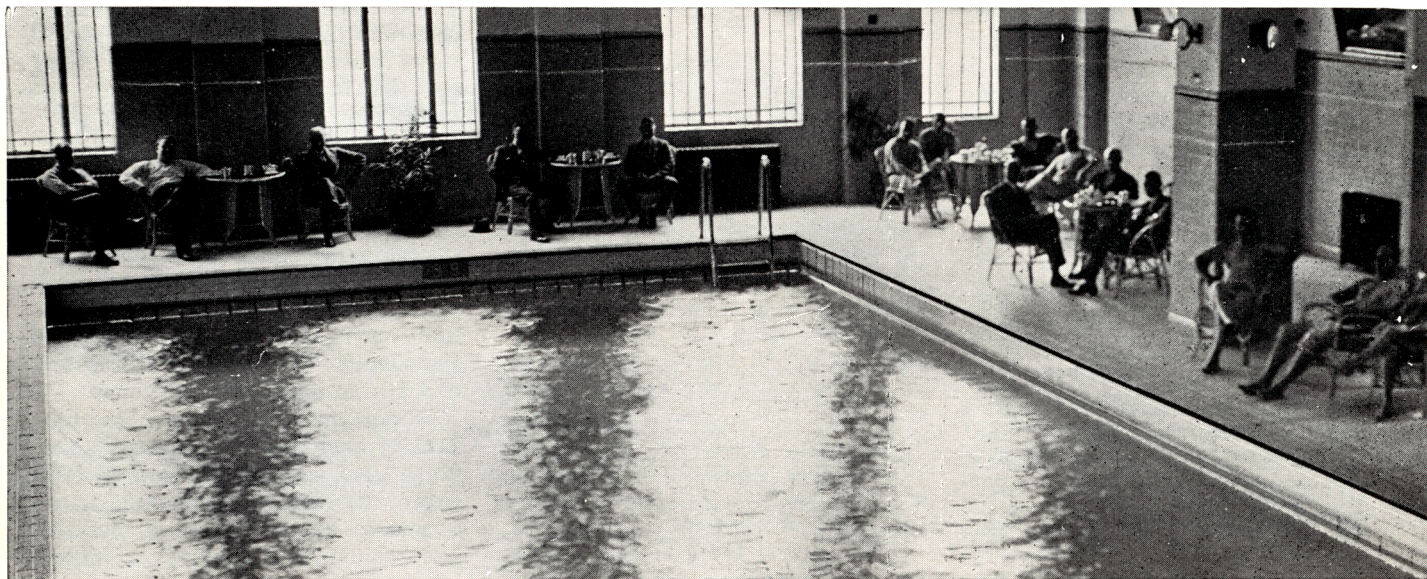
G. Goldie, 81½; N. Barrell, 65; C. Godhard, 64½; D. Tarrant, 62; W. S. Edwards, 58; I. Stanford, 54½; A. S. Block, 52; J. Dexter, 49; N. P. Murphy, 44½; V. Richards, 41½; A. Pick, 39½; J. Miller, 38½; S. Carroll, 37½; L. Hermann, 34½; W. Ford, 32.

As tipped in last issue, Jack Miller duly collected the December-January Point Score, and won his first trophy since he joined the Club.

The best times recorded during the month were: 40 yards—20 4/5 secs., V. Richards and R. Nicholl, 60 yards—33 1/5 secs., V. Richards.

Welcome is extended to Boyd Levy, who started racing during the month. Boyd was reckoned N.T.B.

(Continued on Page 20.)



The Club Swimming Pool.



# BILLIARDS

## There Are Two Styles of Billiards

February was an important month for billiardists, in that Walter Lindrum successfully defended his world title against New Zealander Clark McConachy. Scores at the finish were: Lindrum, 18,349, McConachy 14,121.

That the Australian still reigns supreme over all cannot be denied. Despite a heavy bout of influenza, he proved too good this time by a wide margin.

Both players compiled classy breaks throughout, with Lindrum twice exceeding the 1,000 mark, and once getting within an ace of four figures, with 994.

McConachy's best run was 706, and over the final stages, he was most consistent. Anyway, who can cavil at a mere 700 run? Members thoroughly enjoyed the winner's practicing, which took place on the Club's match table. Daily he compiled runs of varying length, and on one occasion exceeded the 2,000 mark in sixty minutes!

During the match just concluded sessional averages of both players frequently exceeded the two hundred mark, which is just another way of saying that the post war years have seen the game advanced in skill at least seven times greater than anything known previously.

### *Is Present Game Too Simple?*

Played as the best professionals operate these days, one is prone to ask, is not the game too easy?

Maybe, but the advanced player will ever reap enjoyment from watching the masters.

Those close cannons in which a gossamer touch is predominant beyond the everyday amateur for practical purposes. But he knows their intricacies and appreciates the cleverness of taking the balls "round the corner," as is done with apparently the greatest of ease.

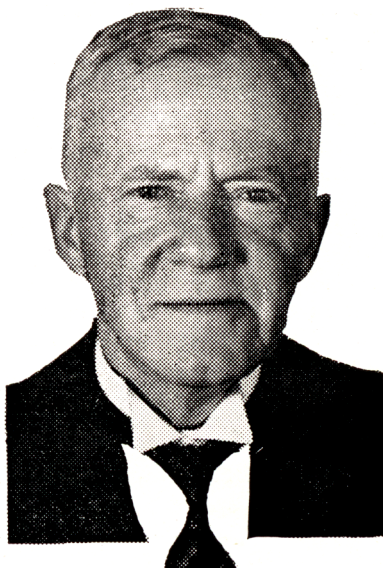
In actual fact there is nothing easy about anything professionals do. They are one hundred per cent. concentration all the time, and

could mark to within an inch or less where every ball will finish rolling after each stroke.

### *Two Kinds of Billiards.*

We have two kinds of billiards, scoring points and scoring shots.

This refers to the amateur game much more than the professional,



*Mr. Albert Cohen, of New Zealand, an interesting visitor to the club during the month, whose main object was to witness the Lindrum-McConachy Billiards match.*

because the wonderful ball control of the professionals at every phase and stroke of the game gives them the perfect combination of break and strokes.

Professionals can venture where an amateur would not dare to go. They will make a big break like a conjuror taking a rabbit out of an empty hat. To you or me, the skillful juggling of crystallates and cue is uncanny, and we wonder where the break comes from.

It is very "plain duff" for anyone to follow a sequence of red losers, or alternate pot reds and cannons at the top of the table.

That sort of thing wins the amateur championships year after year—clever break building, but not

pretty to watch, as was the play when, say, the late John Roberts was operating.

Cuemanship was then the vogue. Hundred-break amateurs were rare until George Gray showed them the all red route. When that style of play came into being, attractive stroke play died out.

Scoring efficiency has since dominated better class play to such an extent that amateur billiards worth watching is very often confined to novices who are always in trouble or old hands who learned their game in the past.

If ever billiards loses interest for lookers-on, it will fade away and die. The showy shots that some players condemn and will not try because of the elements of chance, are the very spice of the game. Witness the "line" shot in professional billiards. Much as the professionals dislike the stroke, the crowd wakes up every time the rule compels them to make it.

### *We Honour the Men who Blazed the Trail.*

We owe much to, and should honour, the men who blazed the trail.

Most certainly we owe a debt of gratitude to Lindrum, Davis, Newman, Smith, McConachy and Coy for showing us just what can be done with three balls and six pockets. At the same time, all power to those who played spectacular billiards which provided enjoyment for spectators.

Melbourne Inman held the world title for a number of years, but although he still retains his skill, he is not in the race to-day with the superlative billiards of Lindrum and his confreres.

Inman may be classed as the best "amateur - professional" in years. He was ever in trouble, but sheer cue ability enabled him to overcome his obstacles and compile breaks round the two and three hundred mark.

*(Continued on Page 20.)*



# WORLD RECORDS TO-DAY ARE WON BY DECIMAL POINTS OF A SECOND

## Captain George Eyston's Splendid Performance

(By Captain Sir Malcolm Campbell, first to achieve 300 m.p.h. on land, and holder of the Water Speed Record.)

Some years ago I made a definite promise that if I ever succeeded in reaching what I then considered to be the magic figure of 300 m.p.h. on the Blue Bird, I would cease to make any further attempts, so long as that record was held by a Britisher, driving a British car. Early in September, 1935, I accomplished that self-imposed task and consequently have kept my word and intend to continue doing so. I have therefore no regrets that my title has now fallen on Captain George Eyston, who is a friend of long standing, and who, I might add, thoroughly deserves the success which he has recently achieved.

I said I have no regrets, and that is true, but I might add that I still possess that great urge which is as strong as ever to go out once more and win back the record, which, in the past, I have fought so hard to retain. I suppose that this reaction is only what one would expect, since in a major or minor degree, we are all born fighters, and moreover with me it is worse, as racing is in my blood and will be to the end of my days. I have never been one who is content to rest on any laurels gained, and as I have made no promise to discontinue attempts on the water speed record, I still have quite an exciting hobby upon which to concentrate my energies.

I do not intend, however, to talk about myself or my future plans at this juncture, but about my old friend, Captain George Eyston, and his car, The Thunderbolt, which so successfully broke my old record on the Bonneville Salt Flats.

The car was built by Beans Industries Ltd., the Tipton firm which specialises in engineering for the motor trade and was actually constructed in under seven months. This, by itself, must be a record. It is a remarkable achievement that a huge car such as Thunderbolt,

where each part had to be specially made, except the engines, could have been finished in this short space of time, more especially as all engineering works are now so busy on our rearmament programme. The car itself has an overall length of 30ft. 5in., weighs well over 7 tons and is equipped with two twelve-cylinder Schneider Trophy Rolls-Royce engines, having a total output of 5,000 b.h.p. The Blue Bird, it will be remembered, was fitted with one of these engines only. The two motors in the Thunderbolt are set side by side amidships, and drive a single rear axle through a three-speed gearbox.

There are two pairs of front wheels, each mounted on a separate axle, and twin rear wheels are fitted to the rear axle, so that the car is actually shod with eight tyres. Independent suspension is provided for all six wheels, and the driver's seat is arranged in the centre of the chassis, just forward of amidships.

Captain Eyston left England with his car towards the end of August last, but during his preliminary tests, he was dogged by bad luck, and had trouble with his clutch. On two different attempts on the record the clutch commenced slipping, and as this necessitated removing both engines from the frame to get at that part, considerable delays ensued.

The Bonneville Salt Flats are situated about 124 miles due west of Salt Lake City, and the nearest village to the course is Wendover, which is about seven miles away. This picturesque little spot consists of two or three cafes, an hotel of sorts and two garages, but facilities for carrying out repairs to a racing car are conspicuous by their absence, which fact must have increased Eyston's difficulties. However, on November 19th the luck turned at last and new figures were set up for both the mile and kilometre as

follows: Mile, 311.42 m.p.h. Time, 11.3 sec.

The previous record accomplished by the Blue Bird in 1935 was 301.1 m.p.h. Time, 11.9 sec. Records to-day are won by decimal points of a second, and in comparing the Blue Bird's time with that of the Thunderbolt, it will be seen that it has been improved by .6 sec. over the mile, but this decimal point when translated into m.p.h. means a fraction over 10 m.p.h. increase in speed. A speed of 300 m.p.h. is equivalent to travelling at the rate of over 147 yards per second, which is faster than the average speed of a howitzer projectile, which, I believe, is 130 yards per second.

Although the man in the street must visualise these record speeds as fantastic, it is interesting to remember that it would take one of these cars 33½ days and nights to reach the moon, if travelling continuously at a speed of 300 m.p.h.

And now a word about the man who recently became "The Fastest Man on Earth," a title, incidentally, which I know to my cost, lays one open to much leg-pulling. George Eyston is 40 years of age, was educated at Stonyhurst and Trinity College, Cambridge, and joined the Dorset Regiment in 1914, later transferred to the Gunners. He was subsequently promoted to the rank of captain. Like every other British driver, he commenced his racing career at Brooklands, and I first met him on the track during the summer of 1923. He was married in 1924 and for a time we completely lost sight of him, but racing was in his blood, and two years later, in 1926, he returned to the famous speedway. For a while he was content to compete in the usual race meetings, and I well remember having a great duel with him in the J.C.C. 200-mile race in 1927.

(Continued on Page 18.)



# WORLD RECORDS TO-DAY ARE WON BY DECIMAL POINTS OF A SECOND.

(Continued from Page 17.)

We were both driving 1½-litre supercharged Bugattis, and we had a ding-dong struggle, but, having a slightly faster car, I was able to retain the lead, eventually proving the winner.

About eight years ago, Eyston decided to take up racing seriously, and he has been devoting practically all his time to it ever since. From then onwards he has specialised in setting up class records over long distances with almost every conceivable type of car, from the smallest to the largest. As far as I can recollect, he has only once been involved in an accident, the occasion being at Montlhéry Track, when his car caught fire during a record attempt and he was rather badly burned about his feet and legs. I remember calling at the

hospital to see him as I was passing through Paris at the time. In 1931 he achieved his first noteworthy success, when he was the first to travel at over 100 m.p.h. in a 750 c.c. car, and to-day he holds more records than anyone else. In 1935 we were on the Bonneyville Salt Flats together, that being the occasion when I tried out the Blue Bird and reached the 300 m.p.h. mark, and Eyston a few days later made a successful attack on the 12 and 24-hour long distance records with his new car, The Speed of the Wind. I always knew that he was looking forward to the day when he could own a car fast enough to capture the World's Land Speed Record, and since the record is a mark open to anyone to shoot at, and can never be retained by any one person for long, I am glad that he has achieved his ambition.

Now that such colossal horsepower is being employed, I feel convinced that we shall see much higher speeds registered in the near future, but, whatever speeds may be attained, I shall always feel that my pioneering efforts and those of the late Sir Henry Segrave and J. G. Parry Thomas will be of value to the record breakers in the years to come.

George Eyston is a man who thoroughly deserves success, he is most painstaking and thorough in every task he undertakes; moreover, he is imbued with those qualities we all admire so much, courage and determination. He is a cheery companion, a great sportsman and is popular wherever he goes. I congratulate him most sincerely on his remarkable achievement, and I wish him every possible success for the future.

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(By Courtesy Govt. Printer.)  
On the heights of Mount Tomah.

### BELL'S LINE OF ROAD

**A**LTHOUGH to-day Bell's Line of Road, from Kurrajong across the mountains to Bell, is little used and almost forgotten, for many years it played an important part in the development of inland New South Wales. In fact, so far as stock transport was concerned, it was of greater importance than the Western Highway built by Cox. This greater popularity was because it provided a much safer and more easily graded road across the mountains than the main highway; there were more facilities for resting the stock along the route, and the difficult ascent of Mount York was avoided. During the earlier years of the settlement of the west, Bell's road carried the greater percentage of the stock taken out, and served to carry the fat sheep and cattle when they were driven back to the coast. It became comparatively little used after the building of the railway across the mountains.

**T**HE name of the discoverer of this route is not given the prominence it deserves in our history. Archibald Bell, junior, was a son of Lieutenant Archibald Bell, who founded the historic estate of Belmont on Richmond Hill, close to the point where Phillip's voyage up the Hawkesbury terminated. Lieutenant Bell was one of the foremost pioneers of the Richmond district. His son was under twenty years of age when he made his way across the mountains. The first expedition started from Belmont on August 1, 1823, ascended Kurrajong, and made its way into the unknown country to the west. It was extremely rough, so that if six or seven miles were covered in a day it was considered good progress. This expedition succeeded in penetrating as far as Mount Tomah, but was forced to turn back at this point because no practical descent of the mountain could be found. Young Bell returned to Belmont and immediately set to work to re-equip the expedition to make another attempt. The second expedition began on September 1 of the same year, and met with success. The "Sydney Gazette" reported the result of the expedition in the following words: "We are happy to announce that Mr. Archibald Bell, junior, of Richmond Hill, has, after one unsuccessful attempt, at last effected a passage from that part of the country to Cox's River . . . He travels N.W. from Richmond about 14 miles to Picture Hill, and thence due west to Tomah, which is a round hill seen on the right from the Weatherboard Hut on the Bathurst Road. On going west about half-way up this mountain, he turned to the south, and, after proceeding about a mile in that direction, found an excellent passage down it. He then proceeded round the side of an opposite hill, about a mile and a half in a N.W. direction, and then bore west for the remainder of the day and N.W. the next day till he reached Cox's River." Bell gave glowing accounts of the richness of the soil on Mount Tomah.

**R**OBERT Hoddle (who later was responsible for laying out Melbourne) was given the task of surveying the route. His report was presented in November, 1823, and convicts were engaged shortly afterwards in laying a road across the mountains. To this was given the unusual name which it still retains — Bell's Line of Road. It is worthy of note, in passing, that Archibald Bell, junior, was also the first to have stock taken from the Hawkesbury River to the Hunter, and was later a member of the Legislative Assembly of New South Wales. He died in 1883.



## I SAW A MAN ELECTROCUTED

(Continued from Page 7.)

an hour. In the face of eternity, time had seemed to stop.

Then a mad rush! The public was waiting and must be served. Time was beginning again, but I tarried; two guards had unstrapped the limp body and were lifting it on to a hospital cart. I snatched a hasty look at the partly uncovered body, and noted that the flesh, swollen and puffy, was a vivid red. It looked exactly like a very bad case of sunburn.

Then I ran out into the rain with the others, half-blind in the dark, dazed from the bright lights of the death house. Several were staggering from too much whiskey, and one was vomiting.

In the ensuing stampede to get to the telegraph office downtown with the news of Two-Gun Crowley's end, I wondered whether the haste was altogether due to the need of getting to the wire. I, for one, was hurrying *from* as well as *to*.

I quickly wrote my story at the telegraph office amid a bedlam of noise and drinking and forced hilarity. We had a special wire, and my paper made a "scoop," so they told me. But it didn't seem to matter very much to me, for I could not tell the real story.

The public is avid to read the details of the executions of notorious criminals. But the newspapers have never yet told the whole story. The public ought to know.

## POOL SPLASHES

(Continued from Page 15.)

at Coogee not so long ago, but so far the Handicapper has taken no risks with him, but his time is coming. Maybe we'll see Boyd's sparring partner, Steve. Blau, in action yet. What a day!

By the way, we have seen quite a number of speedsters in the Pool lately, and we would like to remind them that the Swimming Club is always happy to welcome new members, and they'll enjoy their little Thursday flutters.

### Results.

January 20th—40-yards Handicap: W. Ford (26), 1; N. Barrell (26), 2; C. D. Tarrant (24) and I. Stanford (30), tie, 3. Time, 25 secs.

January 27th—80-yards Brace Relay Handicap: 1st Heat: G. Goldie and J. Miller (62), 1; A. Pick and C. D. Tarrant (51), 2; A. S. Block and B. Levy (49), 3. Time, 58  $\frac{4}{5}$  secs. 2nd Heat: N. Barrell and W. S. Edwards (46), 1; L. Hermann and R. Dougall (46), 2; C. Godhard and W. Ford (24), 3. Time, 47  $\frac{2}{5}$  secs. Final yet to be swum.

February 3rd.—60-yards Handicap: I. Stanford (48), 1; G. Goldie (55), 2; W. Ford (42), 3. Time, 44  $\frac{3}{5}$  secs.

February 10th.—40-yards Handicap: I. Stanford (29), 1; A. S. Block (25), 2; C. D. Tarrant (24), 3. Time, 28 secs.

February 17th.—120-yards Brace

## BILLIARDS

(Continued from Page 16.)

Our Club is in the happy position of possessing some of the most brilliant amateurs in the country. Men who are capable of consistently running up century breaks. Unfortunately, they have not reached the classic stages of "nurseries"—or should one say, fortunately?

The carefree style of amateurs tends toward good fellowship. We cannot hope to emulate the stars, but, much as we appreciate their tremendous skill, our own standard produces its thrills aplenty.

Members have bestowed congratulations upon Walter Lindrum personally on his latest victory—victory when a bout of influenza threatened to render him hors de combat. His tenacity and superb manipulation of the balls alone turned the scales in his favour. It is pleasing to know that our members who practiced with the world's champion in his preparation may claim some honour in the win.

Relay Handicap: 1st Heat: V. Richards and G. Brown (76), 1; C. D. Tarrant and A. S. Block (78), 2; I. Stanford and S. Carroll (86), 3. Time, 77 secs. 2nd Heat: A. Pick and R. H. Curtis (91), 1; N. Barrell and C. Godhard (77), 2; W. S. Edwards and J. Dexter (71), 3. Time, 91  $\frac{3}{5}$  secs. Final yet to be swum.

December-January Point Score: J. Miller, 24½ points, 1; I. Stanford, 21, 2; G. Goldie, 20, 3.

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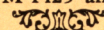
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